**Affine Transformation**

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# Affine Transformation

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

In order to be the best we can be, sometimes we just need a little push (and horsestrogen)

Notes

Hello hello hello, making my own contribution to the wonderful horsefem fics and community that I've come to recently discover. Seemed like an interesting concept overall and I just wanted to give a try of my own at writing it

Might start out slow or just have wonky pacing altogether but we'll get there probably idfk

This first chapter though is really just to establish my characters and what's going on, actual horsefem stuff and all the shenanigans will come in subsequent chapters

Gotta get that build up yknow on my slow burn shit idk just know that this is basically just an introductory thing so I can give a grasp about what's going on and their dynamic

Hopefully an enjoyable read, please enjoy!

And also check out the horsefem discord they are pretty cool!

https://discord.gg/horsefem

And I'll never like not plug my own server cause I'm cool like that obviously

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

# Chapter 1

You had never been a nighttime person, at least not any more than the average individual.

Though, you had never really viewed it in a negative light either. The lingering feeling of the dark, the cold—they were soothing in their own right, you suppose.

Lately, though, you had discovered an appreciation for moments characterized by those exact qualities, despite how strange it could feel. How alien in comparison to what those fleeting thoughts claimed to desire. Slow, quaint, enamoring in the feeling of supple saturation, to simply lie still and absorb the world around you.

The feeling of quiescence.

No, you never wanted that. Moreover, you hated it. Why?

Because of the sluggishness this body enforced upon you. The vibrancy and celerity you were robbed of without any form of say. Why? Why did it have to be you? Why?

To be robbed of the only thing in your existence that you believed would let you be—

To feel trapped within a constant prison that would never—

To know that as long as this cruel anguish, this insurmountable wall that faced you anytime you looked in the mirror, this unfixable, disgusting, miserable—

You didn't like how quickly those thoughts turned sad, how easily they turned violent and ugly. How quickly you were able to turn those thoughts upon yourself. That wasn't it, nor was it what you wanted.

You just wanted to think. To be somewhere you could actually think. Think about now, think about yourself, think about thoughts and things; everything. What you could be, not what you are, what you'd like to be. What, if given the choice, you would have chosen to be.

That’s what this place had become for you now—a place to revel in those types of thoughts. Because even long after the halls of Tracen Academy had fallen quiet, after the last of the students had returned to their dormitories and the campus lights had dimmed into soft

amber pools across the windows, one room remained stubbornly awake. A room unlike your own head in a lot of ways.

The steady hum of the room's lights overheard a constant mechanical chorus, joining the low bubbling of glass condensers, the quiet ticking of dials and timers, and the low whine of computers processing data that had long since exceeded the scope of any ordinary student project.

The air in the laboratory carried its usual, comforting scent: solvents, circuitry, and perhaps most comforting of all, sweet, sweet tea forgotten hours ago.

And, of course, paper. Hundreds upon hundreds of pages, like drifts of pristine white snow, with the occasional iridescent stain marring a few. Covered in frantic equations, anatomical sketches, and racing telemetry, they littered nearly every available surface. Entire whiteboards disappeared beneath sprawling mathematical formulas that stretched from edge to edge like the web of a spider obsessed with fluid dynamics, arrows connecting theories that only one person in the entire academy could decipher without a headache.

The room looked less like a functioning laboratory and more like the inside of an endlessly racing mind. That part, of course, was not dissimilar. For you, the two may as well have been one and the same.

A familiar, uneven sound echoed through the space. One so supremely distinguishable from the rest of the symphony of equipment, yet so necessary you couldn't imagine what the room would sound like without it.

Agnes Tachyon crossed between her workstations with the practiced, halting movement she had developed over the past several months. One forearm rested comfortably in the cuff of her crutch, while her right leg carried the vast majority of her weight. The heavy brace secured around her left leg gave an occasional, muted creak whenever she shifted her stance.

It wasn't graceful. Not compared to how she used to move. You remembered that all too well, back when you were one of the pillars standing to support her.

There had been a time when every step she took carried the effortless, physics-defying balance of someone born to do so—perhaps even destined. Even simple walking had possessed a strange, mesmerizing confidence; every motion economical, fluid, and brimming with latent

power. A power so blindingly radiant that, in your eyes, it possessed no equal, even if you could only observe it from afar.

Now, every movement required a split-second of planning, a conscious physical adjustment, or a quiet compromise on her part. An avian given the brilliant, wondering desire to soar, yet allowed only to remain idle.

Her oversized laboratory coat swayed behind her with each uneven step, the sleeves hanging well past her hands as they always did. Her brown hair had grown far longer than when she had still been racing, falling untidily around her shoulders in soft waves. She still insisted she simply hadn't found a reason to cut it.

But you knew the real answer. She just forgot. Or, perhaps, she had stopped caring altogether.

"Now then..." Her voice drifted across the room, bright and analytical, sparing no amount of liveliness when it related to her experiments. Her pen scratched rapidly against the paper underneath her hands. "Thirty-six point eight... Yet, no appreciable degradation compared to yesterday's catalyst. Curious."

"Hm." She tilted a glass beaker toward the desk lamp, watching the pale blue solution inside refract into a variety of shifting, glimmering bands of color. A tiny, self-satisfied smile spread across her face. "Though successful nonetheless."

She sounded pleased. Not because she had achieved a monumental breakthrough, but simply because reality had once again behaved exactly as she had predicted. Though to what extent, you probably had no idea in the slightest.

You smiled to no one but yourself, resting your chin on your hand as you looked at Tachyon in her element. "...You're doing it again."

"And what behavioral display would that entail?" She didn't even look up from the beaker, merely directing one of her ears in your general direction so as to not pull too much of her attention away from the examination at hand.

"Talking to your beakers, Tachyon," you stated, pointing vaguely at the large variety of differently shaped glass containers. Some of them were filled to the brim with colors you weren't entirely sure you had the necessary photoreceptors to properly comprehend.

"They are considerably more attentive than most people," she retorted smoothly, swirling the blue liquid. "In fact, unlike a certain someone, they always seem so eager to assist me in my endeavors."

You couldn't help but scoff playfully at that, your drive toward being used as a test subject being compared to that of a piece of glassware. "So I've noticed."

"They also do not interrupt my experiments," she continued, clearly intent on making it known just how superior her transparent friends were in contrast. "Perhaps sometime you could show me the same consideration."

"I only interrupt when you've done something wrong, which in my experience is pretty often. Primarily forgetting to eat." Your tone turned slightly accusatory, insistent that you had not forgotten today's oversight.

Tachyon's gaze quickly flitted back to her work, doing her best to mask the suddenly guilty demeanor that crossed her features. "I have not forgotten."

"Tachyon," you chided, not entirely playful, hoping to at least get your point across.

"I simply prioritized... other things," she replied, her tone airy and dismissive, still refusing to meet your gaze directly.

"...For fourteen hours straight?" you pushed on, not at all convinced by her, at best, piss-poor argument.

"Time is relative—"

"We're in the same room."

She finally turned to face you. Those deep crimson eyes settled on you. There was no light or shine in them—there never had been—but they still managed to carry an incredible, arresting amount of expression. Today, they sparkled with amused annoyance.

"My dear guinea pig." She folded her arms inside the oversized, swallowing sleeves of her coat, leaning her hip against the edge of the desk. "You continue to confuse biological necessity with arbitrary scheduling."

"And you continue to confuse starvation with efficiency."

"I fail to see the contradiction."

"Of course you don't."

She puffed out her cheeks, her ears twitching backward. "How cruel!"

"You say that every time."

"And every time it wounds me deeply!"

"You'll recover."

"Scientifically speaking..." She placed a hand dramatically over her sweater-clad chest, her long bangs swaying. "...the emotional damage from your heartlessness may very well be irreversible."

Tachyon watched you with quiet satisfaction. There it was, just for a fraction of a second—that tiny, vulnerable expression she tried so hard to mask. Relief. She was always secretly happy whenever you bantered with her, whenever you didn't treat her like glass. She would never, ever admit it, but the subtle relaxation in her shoulders spoke volumes.

Instead, she glanced toward the brown paper bag resting on the desk beside you. "...Incidentally."

"Hm?"

"That sandwich."

"You mean your sandwich?"

"I was under the impression it belonged to whichever organism exhibited the greater nutritional deficiency."

"You've somehow turned stealing my lunch into an experimental theory."

"It is science."

"No, it's petty theft."

"The distinction is largely semantic."

You sighed dramatically, though you still made an effort to slide the wrapped sandwich across the cluttered desk. "There. Eat."

"Excellent."

She accepted it with surprising, almost childlike eagerness. There were no dramatic speeches, no pretending she wasn't hungry to preserve her pride. The moment the food reached her hands, she immediately took an enormous bite, her tail giving a tiny, unconscious flick.

"...Good?" you asked.

She chewed thoughtfully, staring at the ceiling as if analyzing the molecular structure of the mustard. "...Adequate."

"You say that every single time."

"It remains objectively accurate."

"And in human terms?"

She looked away, a faint flush of color returning to her pale cheeks. "...It tastes nice."

"That’s good."

"You continue to exploit my honesty," she mumbled around her next bite, sounding genuinely offended.

It made you grin wider. Watching her eat had become strangely comforting over the past few months. It was such a small, mundane thing, but you had learned very quickly that if left to her own devices, Agnes Tachyon would happily survive on raw, unwashed vegetables, lukewarm tea, and whatever happened to be chemically adjacent to food. Actual meals required your direct, persistent intervention.

You had lost count of how many mornings you had walked into this laboratory carrying a warm breakfast, only to discover she had been awake all night. Or two nights. Or... you had stopped asking.

Someone had to make sure she remembered she was a person before she was a scientist. Eventually, she had simply accepted that the role belonged to you. Not because she couldn't take care of herself, but because she trusted you enough to let you do it for her.

You leaned back on the squeaky metal stool, watching her continue to scribble notes one-handed while navigating the sandwich with the other. A comfortable silence descended upon the room, and your mind began to wander, your gaze drifting toward the darkened windows.

You let out a quiet, wistful sigh.

"Guinea pig," Tachyon murmured, her voice snapping you out of your thoughts. You refocused on her face to find her observing you closely. "Do not look so sullen. If you keep sighing like that, I shall have to measure your carbon dioxide output just to ensure you aren't suffocating yourself out of sheer boredom."

"I'm not bored, Tachyon," you said, spinning slightly on your stool to look busy. "Just thinking."

"A dangerous pastime for a human," she chimed, tilting her head. She offered a sharp, slightly mischievous grin that showed a hint of her teeth. "And what, pray tell, is occupying that delightful brain of yours today? Still dwelling on the past? Or perhaps you are merely lamenting the tragic, unkempt state of my hair? I assure you, the natural oil buildup actually provides a minor barrier against mild acid splashes."

"Ew," you said, before looking past her toward the glowing monitor displaying old race archives. "I was actually just thinking about the Twinkle Series. I was watching some old footage of the Classics this morning. God, it's just... it's the most beautiful thing in the world, y'now?"

That caught her attention.

One of her ears twitched. She continued to write, but her pen visibly slowed against the paper. "Oh? The mindless pursuit of the horizon? The primitive urge to propel oneself forward at velocities the skeletal structure was scarcely designed to tolerate?"

You couldn't help but chuckle. "Well, put scientifically, maybe. But I don't think I'll ever get tired of watching Umamusume race."

"You humans do seem to be endlessly fascinated by it."

"How could I not be?" you breathed, your voice warming with an old, deep-seated passion. This was a conversation you two had iterated dozens of times, a comfortable orbit you always spiraled back into. "When I was little..." You smiled faintly, staring at your reflection in the glass of a nearby cabinet. "I watched every race I could. I'd stay up way too late looking at race recordings. I memorized winners. Split times. Track conditions. Strategies."

You laughed quietly. "My parents thought I was insane."

"...An understandable conclusion," she murmured softly, earning the sharpest side-eye you could manage.

"I just thought Uma Musume were..." You searched for the right word, your chest tightening slightly. "...Amazing. Beautiful. The strongest, most free people in the world. I wanted to be a part of that."

Your smile shrank, turning a bit bittersweet.

"...Actually. I wanted to be one."

The laboratory grew unusually quiet. It wasn't an awkward silence, but rather a profound, still hush that seemed to absorb the room.

You looked down at your own hands resting on your knees. Human. Small. Ordinary. Completely incapable of reaching the speeds that were only natural to her.

"I always wished I'd been born an Uma Musume." The words came easier now than they ever had before. Perhaps because there was only one person in the world you trusted enough to say them to. "I wanted the ears. The tail. The strength. The… body. I wanted to run until my lungs burned and the world blurred around me."

You swallowed hard, your voice barely rising above a whisper. "And... I still do. Every day."

For several seconds, Tachyon said nothing at all. She didn't mock you. She didn't laugh. She simply watched you, her dark red eyes holding you in a quiet, unwavering gaze. When she finally spoke, her voice was completely devoid of its usual theatrics, sounding remarkably flat.

"...I see."

She rested both of her hands atop the handle of her crutch, leaning forward slightly. The sheer physical presence of an Umamusume—even one as thin as Tachyon—was palpable. Even hunched over, she towered over you, a constant, silent reminder of the vast gap between your species. Yet, her expression was soft as ever.

"...Then perhaps..." A tiny smile appeared on her face. "...we are not so different after all, my dear guinea pig."

You blinked, looking up at her.

She glanced down at the heavy medical brace secured around her leg.

"I possess the body of an Umamusume." Her fingers tapped lightly against the cold metal. "...Yet it refused to become the body I so desired it to become. It broke under the weight of an ambition it was never meant to sustain."

She looked back up, locking her eyes with yours.

"And you, you possess a human body which, likewise, refused to become the body you desire altogether. Lost to none other than a simple chance, beyond your control just the same."

She let out a soft, dry laugh.

"What remarkably stubborn pieces of biology we are burdened with."

A beat passed, and the heavy atmosphere dissolved as Tachyon suddenly burst out in a smirk, her usual persona returning in an instant.

"But alas, that was such a wonderfully poetic confession from you!" she purred, taking a halting step closer, her expression incredibly smug. "You truly are a fascinating specimen, Guinea pig. Your devotion to our kind borders on the pathological. I absolutely love it."

"Yeah, yeah. Go ahead and laugh," you muttered, rolling your eyes, though there was no real heat in your words.

"Laugh? Why, I would never!" Tachyon insisted, her voice taking on a petulant whine as she puffed out her cheeks again. "I am nothing if not magnanimous! Your dreams are... noble. And highly scientifically relevant! In fact, your constant pining has given me a tremendous spark of inspiration. A breakthrough, if you will!"

Despite yourself, you laughed. "...That's your takeaway from my emotional vulnerability?"

"But of course!" She smiled, brighter and more brilliant than before. "Where there are dreams of overcoming the impossible, there is science! Which means there remains only one reasonable course of action for us."

"Pfff, yeah? What's that?"

"We continue arguing with biology until it surrenders to our peaceful and I dare say extremely reasonable demands."

You stared at her for a moment. It was such an absurd, impossibly arrogant, and utterly Agnes Tachyon answer that you couldn't really argue.

Perhaps reality wouldn't bend so easily to a broken leg or wishful thinking. Perhaps neither of you could simply will your bodies into matching what your hearts desperately wanted.

But, it didn't feel entirely hopeless either.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Horsefem timeeeee

Chapter Notes

> Short ass chapter but DONT even worry about it im just like lazy as fuck and stupid and ugly and chopped and I'm actually pretty good looking but anyways

The constant clink of glass and the soft, muted beeping of a nearby heart monitor filled the laboratory. For once, Tachyon herself was uncharacteristically quiet. Her ears twitched with every tiny sound you made—the shuffle of your shoes, the creak of your stool—as she patted the edge of the leather-padded medical table.

"Up you go, my dear guinea pig," she cooed, her childlike voice lilting playfully as she gestured with a glowing syringe filled with some kind of iridescent fluid containing a color you couldn't quite describe. "Make yourself comfortable. The administrative staff would simply have a fit if they saw me conducting a biological catalyst trial on an unpadded surface. We must maintain some standards of safety, after all."

You climbed onto the elevated table, your legs dangling off the side. Being a normal human meant you were dwarfed by most things in this academy, but sitting here, the sheer scale of the room—and Tachyon herself—felt even more pronounced.

"Now then," Tachyon murmured, stepping closer. She adjusted a blood pressure cuff around your bicep with surprising gentleness, her hands careful despite the oversized sleeves of her lab coat engulfing them. "Before we initiate the fluid transfer, let us continue our previous dialogue. You were speaking of your... deep-seated fascination we'll call it. Tell me, if you were to wake up tomorrow, free of your current biological limitations—if you were an Umamusume yourself... what is the very first thing you would do?"

She pulled up a rolling metal stool and sat, resting her chin in her hands. Her eyes locked onto yours, completely focused. It was rare for Tachyon to play the listener; usually, she was the one drowning you in a sea of theories, formulas, and declarations. To have her full,

undivided attention on your silly, impossible dream felt weirdly… validating.

"The first thing?" You smiled, looking down at your hands, then up at the ceiling, letting yourself get lost in the fantasy. "Honestly... I guess I'd just run. Just not like a human, y'know? I'd want to feel that explosive push-off from the starting gate. You know how the turf feels under your heels when you're accelerating? I've watched you do it, Tachyon. The way your body just... flows into the stride, like you're defying physics. I'd want to feel that. I'd want to hear the wind roaring in my ears so loud it drowns out everything else."

You laughed a little nervously, reaching up to touch your ear, imagining an umamusume ear twitching in response to the wind. "And... I'd want to wear the silks. To have one of those really cool outfits you all wear, to be completely comfortable in my own skin for the first time in my life. I'd want to hear the crowd cheering for me, not as the trainer, but as the runner crossing the finish line. I think... I think that would be… really cool."

Tachyon listened silently. Her tail gave a slow, rhythmic flick against the leg of her stool. Her expression was unusually soft. She understood the agony of desiring a body that could run free—and the phantom ache of a track that felt entirely out of reach.

"A beautiful hypothesis," she murmured, her voice a gentle, low lilt. "The pursuit of self-actualization through kinetic energy and aesthetic alignment. A very... Umamusume way of thinking, indeed. You truly do belong in our world, Trainer."

She reached out, her hand—surprisingly warm despite her poor circulation—resting on your forearm. With practiced, effortless ease, she wiped a small patch of skin with an alcohol swab.

"A tiny prick now. Keep speaking of your dream. Do not stop. I am here to listen for as long as you'd like to."

You felt the cold slide of the needle entering your vein. You braced yourself for a sting, or a burning sensation from the strange fluid, but there was nothing of the sort. No pain, no sudden rush of adrenaline. Just a deep, instantly soothing coolness that seemed to spread outward from the injection site, traveling up your arm and gently wrapping around your chest like a protective embrace.

"I didn't feel anything," you murmured, your posture softening as you leaned back slightly against the raised headrest of the table.

"Mm, a successful localized integration," Tachyon replied, her fingers flying across her tablet as she monitored your vitals, her eyes tracking the rising and falling waves of the data. "The compound is highly biocompatible. Go on. What else? What kind of distance would you specialize in? Would you be a runner who leads from the front, or would you bide your time in the back, waiting to explode at the final turn?"

"A chaser, definitely," you said, your voice dropping a register as a wave of heavy, comfortable relaxation washed over you. The tension you had carried for months—the guilt of her injury, the frustration of her self-neglect—seemed to melt away. "There's nothing cooler than watching a runner sweep past the entire pack in the last two hundred meters. It’s like... magic. I’d want to be just like you were, Tachyon. Undefeated. Brilliant. Unstoppable."

"Unstoppable..." Tachyon repeated the word softly. For a split second, she looked down at her braced left leg and the crutch leaning against the table. A bittersweet, painfully fragile smile played on her lips before she quickly masked it, looking back up at you with those intense, unblinking eyes. "Yes. A magnificent vision. To leave the world in your wake."

Your eyelids suddenly felt incredibly heavy. The laboratory lights seemed to dim, turning into a soft, glow that blurred at the edges. You tried to blink the sleepiness away, but your limbs felt incredibly warm, heavy, and deeply relaxed, as if you were sinking into a plush feather bed.

"Tachyon... 'm getting really tired," you mumbled, your words slurring slightly as your chin dropped toward your chest. "Is that... part of the... thing? I… mmhn?"

"Indeed. Your body is entering a deep state of metabolic conservation," Tachyon whispered, her voice sounding as if it were echoing from the end of a long, peaceful tunnel. She stood up, using her crutch to balance herself as she leaned over the table. Her large, soft hand gently brushed a stray lock of hair from your forehead. "Do not fight it, guinea pig. Just a little bit of rest. A weary mind cannot formulate proper data."

"Still... want to run..." you breathed, your eyes finally fluttering shut, completely surrendering to the darkness. The last thing you felt was the gentle, soothing rhythm of Tachyon’s fingers combing through your hair, and the faint, sweet scent of lavender wrapping around you

like a safety blanket. "With you..."

"And you shall," Tachyon whispered into the quiet of the empty laboratory, her voice thick with a strange, fierce emotion. She stared down at your sleeping form, a brilliant, wild spark igniting in her eyes as she began to collect various items. "I promise you, trainer... when you wake up, you will finally have the legs to chase me. And I will find a way to run beside you."

# Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Ha get horsefemmed idiot

Chapter Notes

> Oughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh im horsefemming it iughf yeah thats about it not much more to say please enjoy while I make them both fluffy idiots

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The dream was nothingness in motion. A horizon that refused to get closer, stretching out like an endless canvas of warm, pale amber. You were running, but you couldn't feel your feet touching the ground. There was no resistance, no wind, no sounds of your own. Just distance, rushing past you in a silent, dizzying torrent. It wasn't frightening; it was intoxicating. You were fast. Faster than you had ever been. You were approaching that speed, that beautiful madness called 'beyond.'

But then, the amber light seems to crack. A steady, loud beeping sound pierced the silence, again and again deep within your ears. The sensation of speed began to dissolve, replaced by a profound, heavy warmth that draped over your entire body like a veil.

You dragged your eyes open, your eyelids feeling unresponsive. The overhead lights of the laboratory slowly came into focus, though everything still had a fuzzy, dreamlike edge. Your head felt packed with cotton, and your thought process was a sluggish, muddled mess.

"Mmh..." A weak, groggy groan escaped your throat. You tried to shift, but your limbs felt almost disconnected, as if they belonged to someone else entirely. You were still lying on the table, but something was different. You looked down and saw that your clothes—your shirt, jeans, and socks—were gone. In their place, you were dressed in a loose-fitting, light-blue hospital gown, tied loosely at the back. When had Tachyon changed you? The thought felt vaguely embarrassing, but it quickly dissolved into the haze of your grogginess.

You tried to sit up, but the effort was too much. "Tachyon...?" Your voice was a low, scratchy whisper. You craned your neck, looking toward the main workstation. "Hey... you there? How long was I...

out?"

There was a slight pause before the sound of her crutch started across the floor. Tachyon stepped out from behind a computer monitor, her lab coat billowing slightly.

Upon seeing your open eyes, Tachyon didn’t launch into her usual manic, energetic spiel. Instead, she paused, and a small, slow smile spread across her pale lips. It wasn't the usual sharp, mischievous grin either; it was something else. Softer. Almost... proud in a way.

She adjusted her grip on her crutch and took a slow step closer, her tail giving a lazy, content flick behind her.

"My, my. Look who decided to return to the real world," Tachyon purred. She leaned over slightly, her eyes scanning you intensely, tracking some invisible scene only she could see. Her expression remained unusually calm, yet intensely focused.

"Did it... work?" you asked, still struggling against the overwhelming desire to just fall back asleep. "The experiment... the cardiovascular… whatever the hell you wanted to do. Did you get the... data?"

Tachyon chuckled softly at that, apparently something was incredibly funny about such an answer. "The data? Oh, yes, Guinea pig. The data was... magnificent. Utterly without precedent. But that particular hypothesis has been... concluded. We are on to a new phase now."

"New phase?" The words didn't make much sense in all your brain fog. All you knew was that Tachyon was standing right there, and you wanted to be up. To apologize for worrying her, maybe. Or to see if she needed anything. The caretaker in you was still running, even with your thoughts half-asleep.

"Okay," you murmured, determination pushing through the haze. "Let me... let me get up and... help you."

You took a deep, shuddering breath and tried to push yourself up onto your elbows. Your muscles groaned, protesting the movement, but you managed it. The blue gown rode up your legs as you shifted, and you caught a glimpse of your knees and lower thighs. Wait... were they always that far away? The table seemed to have shrunk.

You swung your legs over the side of the table, letting them hang. Your feet shouldn't have been able to touch the ground—the table was designed for umamusume, after all—but you felt the cold press of the

linoleum almost instantly.

This is weird, you thought, your heart starting to beat a little faster, though not from the compound. Did she lower it?

Clutching the edge of the padding with still-weak fingers, you braced yourself and tried to stand. The moment you pushed off, your balance was catastrophic different than usual. It wasn't just weakness; it was a fundamental shift in your geometry. Your center of gravity was miles off from where it should be.

"Wha—!" you gasped, your eyes going wide as you found yourself pitching forward. Your brain was screaming that your legs were far, far longer than they had any right to be. It was like standing on stilts you couldn't control.

Tachyon didn't move to catch you. She just stood there, that same soft, knowing smile playing on her lips, her ears twitching with anticipation.

You threw your hands forward, managing to catch yourself on the edge of a rolling cart, which slid away a crucial foot, making you stumble but keeping you upright. You were breathing hard now, the shock of the sensation helping to clear the last of the groggy haze.

You were standing. But you were standing at a height you had never, ever experienced before. You were way above over the tables and equipment that were usually chest-high. You looked across at Tachyon.

Your gaze met hers nearly dead on.

You weren't looking up at her anymore. You were standing face-to-face.

"Were...?" You swallowed, your mouth incredibly dry. "Tachyon... were we always... this tall? Why are my legs...?"

"Now, now, careful with those new levers, my dear guinea pig," Tachyon murmured, her voice clearly full of amusement. She reached out, her hand—which suddenly looked much smaller against your own—gently grasping your elbow to guide your unstable stance. "The sudden redistribution of mass can be rather jarring to the human equilibrium. Let us move over here, if you please. I require visual confirmation of the biological integration."

With slow, staggering steps that felt like learning to walk all over again on incredibly long, powerful stilts, you let her guide you toward the back corner of the lab. Tachyon tapped her stylus against the screen of her tablet, pretending to be deeply engrossed in a column of fluctuating numbers, trying to maintain her cool facade. But you could tell that nearly every part of her was focused directly on you.

She led you to a tall, dust-streaked body mirror that usually sat forgotten behind a stack of research journals. Tachyon reached out and swept the papers aside with her arm, stepping back to let you see.

You blinked, your breath catching in your throat as your eyes adjusted to the reflection.

Standing in the mirror was a tall, magnificent creature. You weren't looking up at the world anymore. You were… tall, easily matching Tachyon’s height, your shoulders broad and athletic, framed by the loose cotton of the blue hospital gown. But it wasn't just the height.

Poking out from the top of your messy hair were a pair of soft, elegant ears, twitching nervously in response to your sudden spike in adrenaline. And behind you, swaying with a life of its own, a long, beautiful tail brushed against the back of your calves.

A sudden, electrifying realization crashed through the remaining confusion in your brain. You looked down at your hands—strong, beautifully shaped, with long fingers and wrists. You reached down, your heart hammering against your ribs like a runaway train, and peeked just beneath the hem of the loose gown.

Your thoughts completely left you, racing around all at once in a kaleidoscope. The heavy, suffocating ache that had plagued you for your entire life—the deep, painful dysphoria, it was absent.

"Tachyon..." your voice came out entirely different, a rich, resonant, undeniably feminine tone that made your own ears swivel in surprise. "Tachyon, you... I'm... I'm a..."

"A successful genetic and anatomical translation," Tachyon said nonchalantly, though her eyes were practically gleaming with pride as she stared at her masterpiece. "I merely took the liberty of... adjusting the blueprints to match your patholo—"

Before she could even finish her sentence, your new legs found their footing. The pure, explosive musculature of an umamusume responded instantly to your joy. With a gasp of pure, ecstatic bliss,

you lunged forward and threw your arms completely around Tachyon.

"Whoa—!" Tachyon squeaked, a new sound escaping you'd never heard before as you enveloped her.

Because of your new acquired strength, you were able to do more than just hug her—you effortlessly lifted Tachyon completely off the ground. Even with the size of the both of you, her frame felt as light as a feather in your powerful embrace. Her crutch clattered to the floor as you held her close, spinning her around once in the middle of the laboratory, laughing a pure, ringing sound of happiness.

"Thank you! Oh my god, Tachyon, thank you so much!" you cried, tears of sheer joy welling up in your eyes as you finally set her down, though you kept your hands tightly on her shoulders. "I can't believe it... I'm an umamusume. It's real, it's actually real!"

Tachyon stumbled slightly as her braced leg touched the floor, quickly catching her balance against the edge of a desk. Her face was slightly flushed, her ears flattened out sideways in a rare display of being flustered by your sudden physical affection. "M-My word! Do mind the skeletal structure of your researcher, guinea pig! You possess a staggering amount of Newton-meters now!" She huffed, trying to look annoyed as she retrieved her crutch, but the massive, brilliant smile breaking across her face betrayed her completely.

You couldn't contain yourself. You spun back to the mirror, lifting your arms, flexing your new biceps, watching the way the sleek, dense muscles of your thighs shifted beneath the gown. You reached up, gently touching the soft fur of your new ears, watching them flick forward and back in real-time. You swished your tail, giggling like a child as it whipped through the air, feeling the incredible, latent energy coiled inside your body like a spring waiting to explode on the track.

"You truly are a ridiculous creature," Tachyon chuckled softly, as she watched you goof around. The fragile, depressed shadow that usually hung over her seemed to vanish entirely, replaced by the sheer joy of seeing you this happy. "To think a simple biological overhaul would reduce my capable trainer to a bumbling foal."

"I don't care, Tachyon, I'm just so happy it hurts," you said, turning back to her with a beaming, radiant smile, your eyes shining. "Thank you. Really."

Tachyon could do nothing more but look upon you with that tender

expression. "Yes, well... a guinea pig must be properly calibrated to its environment. Consider it a... mutually beneficial arrangement." She cleared her throat, her playful mania snapping back into place as she tapped her tablet sharply. "Now then! As delightful as this display of emotion is, we must proceed to the diagnostic phase. Come back to the table, if you please. I need to conduct a thorough physical examination, test your reflexes, and measure your cellular stability to ensure everything is perfectly aligned. Chop chop, Guinea pig! Your new body awaits its first official research report!"

Chapter End Notes

Tachyon is really just so easy and convenient to use for this kind of stuff lol

# Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> Its gettting freaked the fuck out in here lwky cause tachyon is a WEIRDOOOOOOO

Chapter Notes

> But yeah obligatory warning on smut chapter and also changed the ratings on the entire fic but yeah only one more chapter after this one and its just more smut so yknow
>
> Anyways yeah this will probably be the extent of my delving into horsefem for the time being but who knows I could always go back to it, these two are cute but I'll probably come up with an actual oc to pair with all my favorite umas at some point
>
> enjoy and stuff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You practically floated back to the table, taking purposefully large, whimsical strides, giggling as your long, powerful legs devoured the distance across the lab in just three steps. You hopped up onto the padded leather, your tail swishing happily behind you like a pendulum.

Tachyon rolled her stool over, her tablet balanced on her lap as she began her usual diagnostic routine that you were so used to at this point. "Now then, let us see the structural integrity of my masterwork," she murmured, looking you over quite eagerly.

She started with the standard physical checks. She tapped your knees with a small reflex hammer your leg kicked out with such sudden force that you nearly hit her, causing Tachyon to chuckle in delight. She took your blood pressure, checked your pupillary response, and had you squeeze her hands to test your grip strength, humming in satisfaction as the monitors registered cellular stability levels that showed no issues.

"Magnificent," Tachyon purred, scribbling notes on her screen. "The musculoskeletal adaptation is proceeding well within acceptable parameters. Now, we must examine the newly manifested sensory organs. Hold still, guinea pig."

She leaned forward long fingers reached up toward the top of your head. The moment the tips of her fingers brushed against the soft, velvety fur of your new right ear, a sudden, electric jolt shot straight down your spine.

"Mngh”!" you gasped, your entire body flinching. Your ears immediately flattening dowanwards away from the touch.

"Oh? Highly responsive, I see," Tachyon observed, an amused, wicked little glint entering her dark red eyes.

"T-Tachyon, wait, that's... it's really sensitive," you stammered, your face instantly flushing a bright crimson. Your rich, new feminine voice trembled slightly. You tried to sit still, but your ears were twitching rapidly under their own volition, trying to process the intense, overwhelming rush of tactile stimulation.

"Is it now? All the more reason to conduct a thorough evaluation," Tachyon teased playfully. Giving up all pretense of data gathering, she purposefully began to stroke the edge of your ear, her thumb gently rubbing the delicate, warm curve of the cartilage.

"Tachyon, seriously, quit it" you protested, but the words lost all their weight as your body betrayed you. Unconsciously, your head tilted sideways, your ear leaning heavily into her palm, practically begging for the comforting pressure. A soft, breathless sigh escaped your lips.

"Heh-heh. Fascinating. The instinctual compliance of positive physical feedback is already overriding your stubbornness," Tachyon chuckled softly, her ears perking up in triumph.

But she wasn't done. Her gaze flicked downward to where your long, silky tail was wrapped tightly around your thigh, reacting to the sensory overload.

"Let us check the caudal nerve endings," she murmured, her tone overbearing with mischief. She reached around your hip.

"Wait, don't-"

Before you could pull away, Tachyon's fingers found the base of your tail, right where the dense muscle met your lower spine. She gave it a firm squeeze and tug, her fingers massaging the highly concentrated cluster of sensitive nerves.

The reaction was instantaneous.

An intense, white-hot wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure-like sensation surged through your entire body. Your back arched automatically, your fingers digging deep into the leather padding of the table. A loud, incredibly soft, and undeniably lewd moan spilled right out of your throat, echoing clearly against the walls.

"Mnnahh!"

Horrified by the sound you had just made, you slapped both of your hands over your mouth, your eyes wide with mortification. Your face burned so hot you felt like you were going to combust right there on the table.

Tachyon froze for a fraction of a second, her hands hovering in the air. Then, a slow, incredibly smug, and deeply amused grin spread across her face.

"My, my, my," Tachyon lilted, leaning in close until her face was just inches from your burning cheeks, her eyes showing all that needed to be said. "What a delightfully loud data point. It seems your new body is... exceptionally expressive, Guinea pig."

You sat frozen, unable to formulate a response, but the intense warmth pooling in your lower abdomen refused to recede. Your ears, pinned back in sheer embarrassment, twitched violently as Tachyon let out a low, breathy chuckle right into your ear.

"To think that a mere baseline diagnostic would elicit such a... visceral reaction," Tachyon murmured, her voice dropping into a smoky, intimate register. She leaned closer. "You wanted to know what it felt like to be a girl, did you not? To belong to our world? It would be highly unprofessional of me to leave the examination incomplete."

Her fingers slid away from the base of your tail, only to trace a slow, agonizing path up your spine. A involuntary shiver racked your body, a soft whine escaping past your fingers. Your new biology was a hyper-sensitive sound board, absorbing every single point of contact and amplifying it tenfold.

"T-Tachyon... please," you whispered, your voice trembling, a silent breath against your own palms.

"Hush now, guinea pig. Let me focus on my work," she whispered back, leaning in until her lips brushed the soft, velvety curve of your ear. She blew a warm puff of air against the sensitive inner fur, making your legs kick out weekly in a spasm of feeling. "Look at how

your heart rate spikes. Look at how beautifully responsive you are."

Her hands, liberated from her tablet and crutch, began to roam with a deliberate, possessive curiosity over your newly minted figure. She slid her palms down the curve of your neck, mapping the elegant slope of your shoulders before sliding down to your waist. Her hands easily spanning the narrow, tapered indentation of your waistline before flaring out over the sudden, broad fullness of your new hips.

You melted. The residual stubbornness of your old human mindset completely dissolved under the onslaught of sensation. Your hands fell away from your face, dropping limply to the padding as your head fell back, exposing the long, smooth line of your throat.

"Ah... nnh," you breathed, your eyes fluttering shut as Tachyon's hands slid upward, pushing the loose fabric of the hospital gown out of the way.

Her palms cupped the weight of your breasts, testing the firm, suppleness that had replaced your flat chest. She brushed her thumbs over the peaking apexes through the thin fabric, eliciting a sharp, jagged gasp from your throat. Your tail lashed behind you, completely out of your control, sliding against the table in a frantic rhythm that mirrored your hammering pulse.

Tachyon was having an absolute field day, a visible hunger flaring in her unblinking eyes. She had always used her mind to manipulate you, but now, she was using your own spectacular new body against you, orchestrating a symphony of pleasure that left you utterly defenseless.

"You fit the mold perfectly," Tachyon whispered against your neck, her teeth lightly grazing your skin, sending a jolt straight to your core. "So soft... yet so powerful. Let us see just how well the internal systems have calibrated then, shall we?"

Chapter End Notes

Tachyon I want you to FUCK ME

# Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> Taking that new body for a test drive aka tachyon fingers you cause shes gay or something idfk

Chapter Notes

> Last part of this I've been so fucking tired lately I do not have the energy to make this any longer LMAO thanks for sticking with me on this fic though it was interesting to try out. Likely no more for this fic in particular but as you probably know I do like tachyon so she'll get more in the future probably idk I wanna go sleep. In the middle of my trouble shooting test rn though and this shit is mad easy I'm lwky the goat at this whole linux shit

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before you could process the words, Tachyon's hand slid down the center of your stomach, moving beneath the hem of the gown. The cool air of the lab hit your bare thighs for a fraction of a second before her warm palm pressed firmly up against your crotch.

You let out a muffled, little cry, your hips bucking upward instinctively as her fingers met the slick, burning heat radiating between your thighs.

"Oh, my," Tachyon whispered, a deeply smug, satisfied purr leaving her throat. She hooked one of her long legs over the edge of the table to stabilize herself, her fingers easily parting your hyper-sensitive folds. "Look at this. The catalyst has barely settled, and yet your body is already gushing. You are absolutely soaked, Guinea pig."

She slid a finger inside you, the tight, smooth heat of your newly formed passage welcoming her with a desperate, pulsing twitch. You cried out, your hands flying up to grip the fabric of her lab coat, clinging to her like a lifeline as she began to rhythmically finger you, her thumb sliding firmly over your clit.

"Nnh! Haah... T-Tachyon! Don't- it's too-!" you whined out, your head thrashing from side to side on the cushion. The sheer intensity of this kind of climax was completely new to you, building within your dense, powerful musculature was terrifying, a roaring tidal wave that threatened to shatter you.

"Shhh, let it happen," Tachyon commanded softly, her pace quickening, her fingers driving deeper into you, ruthlessly pushing you over the edge. "Show me what lies beyond, Trainer. What we've accomplished together."

The laboratory blurred into a hazy swirl of  light and shadows as Tachyon ruthlessly drove her fingers inside you. The slick, rhythmic friction against your walls was overwhelming. Every thrust of her fingers sent structural shockwaves through your pelvis, forcing sharp, breathless whimpers from your throat.

"Ah! Nnh... Tachyonnn..."

Your words dissolved into a broken moan as you frantically reached up, your hands locking onto the lapels of her oversized lab coat just to keep yourself from sliding off the table. Your knuckles turned white, clutching her as hard as you could. Despite her own weakened posture Tachyon held her ground, her body acting as a stand. She leaned over you, that smug face watching your tail lash in helpless pleasure.

She wasn't just collecting data anymore; she was thoroughly enjoying the power she held over your new biology. Her thumb relentlessly rubbed against you, while the rest of her fingers deep inside worked you into a frenzy, quickening the pace until the friction generated a burning, addictive heat.

"Mhm... just like that," Tachyon whispered, her voice a warm, manic command against your ear. "Let the neural overload take you. Show me the limits of your adaptation!"

The tension in your thighs coiled like a spring. The raw physical strength of your new body backfired on you, amplifying the incoming climax until it felt like an approaching tidal wave. You bucked your hips against her hand, a desperate, high-pitched cry ripping from your chest as you finally hit that threshold.

Your entire body went rigid. The dense muscles of your walls clamped down with fierce, spasming intensity around her fingers as you came, a brilliant explosion of pleasure crashing through your consciousness. You shuddered violently, your head tossing back against the padding as you rode out the wave, completely spent, letting out soft, broken pants into the quiet air of the lab.

Slowly, the world stopped spinning. Tachyon gently withdrew her hand, the soft, squelching sound making your ears twitch in instant mortification.

As the euphoria began to cool, a wave of profound embarrassment rushed in to take its place. You let go of her lab coat, pulling the loose blue gown down over your thighs as fast as your trembling hands allowed. Your face burned a furious, violent crimson. You glared up at her, your ears flattened sideways in a display of irritation.

"You... you!" you huffed, your voice still shaky and breathy. "That wasn't a diagnostic at all! You just took advantage of me!"

Tachyon merely laughed it off, reaching for a box of wipes on the cart. She didn't look even remotely apologetic. In fact, her eyes were bright with a profound satisfaction.

"My, my, what a terribly ungrateful guinea pig," Tachyon purred, leaning down to gently wipe the slick fluid from your thighs and her own fingers. "I provide you with the body of your dreams, completely free of charge, and you scold me for ensuring the internal functions are all in working order? You must admit, you enjoyed the calibration."

"Shut up," you muttered, pulling the gown tighter around yourself and burying your burning face in your hands. You were still deeply embarrassed by the sounds you had made, but as you felt the incredible, lingering warmth of your new body, whole, strong, and completely right for the first time in your life, you couldn't stay truly mad at her.

Tachyon tossed the used wipes into the trash and offered you her hand to help you sit up, that soft, knowing smile returning to her lips. She had given you a miracle, and despite the chaotic, dysfunctional methods of her mad science, you knew you wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

> After all 5 chapters have come out I have discovered not much about myself unfortunately except for the fact that I still want tachyon to fuck me but yknow that was obvious

End Notes

Will writing this make me discover something about myself? Find out in the next episode of dragon ball z

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